

The hot water on Candice's skin felt like heaven. She shimmied in the shower steam, nearly dancing as she ran her fingers through her hair and over her skin, feeling all the mud and dirt wash away, soap sliding down her bare back. Candice knew she shouldn't be dawdling long, what with next period just a few minutes away, but she couldn't help herself! The warm water and soap just made her feel so cozy! It was a lovely reward for her performance in gym class.

It had been as hard-fought as a hard-fought victory could be. Candice always had a hot streak with sports, but she was downright meteoric that day! Soccer was one of Candice's fortes, but she was really feeling it today! Luck of the draw meant she had wound up on the team composed mainly of the slackers and can't-be-askeds, meaning she was the only one willing to actually run after the ball. But, as it turned out, Candice alone was enough! She sped around the field like a bullet, intercepting passes and sending the ball arcing beautifully into the net from mid-field! Of course, with 1v7 plenty of goals were scored against her, but Candice matched every one! By the end, a team of bored girls assuming an easy win were on the tips of their toes, no one wanting to lose when Candice was the only one actually playing against them!

It all came down to one goal to break the 5-5 tie. Candice had possession of the ball, and all the members of the other team were stacked up on their end of the field. Candice stood in place for a moment, idly pawing at the ball with her foot, surveying the opposition. It would take a perfectly-executed plan to make it in against those odds... but Candice was feeling lucky!

She shot forward with a burst of speed so sudden that the nearest girls didn't even realize Candice had moved until she had passed them up! Keeping her dribbles tight from foot to foot, Candice kicked up the ball just enough to pop it over a girl's slide tackle. She kept going, the goal so close! Her lungs were on fire, and there were footsteps racing after her, but Candice was too close to quit! But the goalie wasn't ready? Kimmy knew this was the last point, why drop her guard? Unless someone was going to intercept her...

Sure enough, Candice glanced over her shoulder and spied Brianna sprinting over from offsides. Candice couldn't help but smirk as she approached the goal with the ball. She pulled a foot back as if she was ready to kick, then immediately spun around, spinning the ball off towards the goal post. With the ball out of the way, Candice could easily dodge Brianna's attempt to check her, the brunette whizzing by without so much as grazing Candice. With that, Candice darted after the ball, the spinning of which was confusing Kimmy over where or how to block it. When she finally decided to leap for it, Candice dropped and slid into the ball, nicking it just under Kimmy's body and into the net. GOAL! Candice couldn't help but pump her fists into the air. "YES!" She had beaten a full team all by herself!

Ew... But as Candice picked herself up off the ground, she found she paid a price with that little maneuver. Her right side was coated in mud, her gym clothes stained beyond the help of any laundromat and her skin cold with mud. Some flecks had even found their way into Candice's sweaty tangle of blonde hair. Candice ran her hand down the side of her thigh, taking off maybe a whole inch of mud layered on. Gross, but worth it for the win. As the period came to an end, all the girls came together and congratulated Candice, complimenting her skills. She smiled and thanked everyone as they headed inside. She nearly kept the mud on her as a badge of honor, but the thought of sitting through the next several periods like that wasn't exactly appealing. So Candice decided to quickly shower off.

She had been in the shower for longer than she'd care to admit. Any longer, and she'd be late to class! Still, as she brushed the remaining soap suds from her breasts and scrubbed shampoo into her scalp, Candice relished one last minute of peace. Lord knows she wouldn't have anything like it outside the locker room.

BWEE BWEE BWEE! Candice's zen was shattered by a shrill alarm. She jumped, nearly slipping and hitting her head on the shower stall tiles, then quickly brushed shampoo out of her eyes, BWEE BWEE BWEE BWEE! Is that the fire alarm?! Candice nearly slipped again as she stumbled out of the shower and fumbled a towel around her wet, naked body before running out of the locker room. BWEE BWEE BWEE! Just great, a fire had to start right then! BWEE BWEE BWEE noises followed Candice as she burst out into the hallway, careful to not slip on her soaking wet feet, clutching her towel tight as she darted down the hall.

to the activity entrance. Hopefully it's just a drill! Candice charged through the doors, but skid to a halt as she did. Had the sirens stopped? Where was everyone else?

Before she could turn and check for a crowd rushing after her, the door slammed behind Candice, and her towel went taut. With a groan, Candice looked back and verified what she feared: her towel was stuck in the door. Wiggling around so she could face the door while keeping herself covered, Candice pulled and pulled to try and yank the towel free, but the door held tight, locked from the outside as a safety precaution. It didn't stop Candice from pulling and pulling again and again in vain, so furiously and so desperately that she had to freeze before the towel loosened enough to fall off her completely. She groaned again. Of course! Why \*wouldn't\* her towel get stuck?!

Shimmying around to turn towards the door while keeping her towel up, Candice peered through the glass and spotted someone coming her way. One hand ensuring her towel kept her covered, Candice waved with the other, gesturing to the stuck door, but as the person came closer, she began to feel less lucky. For one thing, there were no flashing fire alarm lights. And then the person coming up to her became clearer, her slim figure, her bright blue hairdo. Claire! Hannah's little helper, black lips wide in a super smug grin. Candice stopped cold as Claire pushed up against the door, smiling and waving. With her other hand, she held her phone up for Candice to see. Candice squinted to read the title of the video Claire had pulled up: '10 Hour Fire Alarm Sound on Loop' BWEE! Claire abruptly spiked the volume, making Candice jump and nearly lose her towel. Inaudibly snickering on the other side of the door, Claire wiggled her fingers in a delicate wave before prancing back down the hall, leaving Candice effectively stuck.

Candice groaned again, giving one last weak pull at her trapped towel. How could she have fallen for such a lame prank? As much as she hated to admit it, she was a little disappointed. She had been hoping Claire might be different, that the 'invisible clothes' thing was something Hannah pushed onto her. But Candice should've known better...

With the door locked, the only way back inside would be through the school's front door. And with her towel stuck, the only way Candice could go back inside and through the commons, the halls, all the way to the back of the school to the locker room, would be as naked as the day she was born. That's just what Claire wanted, wasn't it? Just another public display of humiliation for Candice? Well, Candice wasn't going to play her little game! But before Candice could step away from the door, she gulped and realized the only alternative: run all the way back home, through the town and suburbs, completely butt-ass naked. Not exactly a better solution. Candice squeezed the hem of her towel again and again. Running home would take a lot longer than running down to the locker room, but the obvious risk was Candice being seen by WAY more people than just those at school. Still, maybe she wouldn't have to be seen at all if she went about this smart... whatever that meant. It was a long run, though... Candice sighed. Either way, she'd have to let go of the towel.

Still, it took a moment for Candice to psyche herself up, to relieve her white-knuckle grip on the hem of the towel, the only thing separating her bare body from the outside air. Could she really be doing this? She sighed, took in a breath, then finally released her grip on the towel and stepped away from the door. The towel unraveled from her body, leaving Candice standing completely in the nude. A brisk autumn breeze immediately hardened her nipples, causing Candice to shift in discomfort, her face already reddening. What was she doing?! She was naked at school! What if someone came outside?! Candice hesitated, squirming and balling fists over her breasts as she cast a glance behind herself, into the empty school hallway. Another sigh. You can do this, Candice. And after a few more deep breaths, Candice began a butt-naked streak around the school, desperately seeking a sneakier way back inside.

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Claire sauntered away from the doors, cackling to herself. She did it! She had humiliated Candice, and with one of the simplest tricks in the book! That dork was locked out of school naked, no gadgets or gizmos necessary! Claire practically skipped down the hallway! Finally, no loose ends or backfires! That bubble-butt dork had no choice but to march back through the front doors in her birthday suit! Pulling her phone out

t, texting Hannah the news, Claire kept on skipping down the hall, ready for a front row seat for the show! Hannah always loves a good streak!

But Claire didn't get more than a half dozen skips before she abruptly bumped into someone. Claire yelped in surprise, and her phone slipped from her fingers onto the hallway tiles. "Sorry, sorry," Claire muttered and she quickly crouched down to pick up her phone. But as she picked it up, she froze, recognizing the blood-red pumps, the pale feet... Gulping, Claire slowly looked up the rest of the body, the maroon skirt and sweater that matched the shoes and did nothing to mitigate the body's well-endowed proportions... Luna grinned down at Claire, the queen bee's emerald eyes twinkling. Claire's mind went numb, all her words gone as she tried to stammer something out.

"Ah." Luna's smirk grew. "Hannah's little pet. What was it again? Clara?"

Pet?! Claire was more than a pet! But Claire kept her cool. Slowly standing back up, clutching her phone to her chest, Claire took a trembling breath. "It... It's Claire... Ma'am..."

"So it is," Luna coolly replied. She glanced the way Claire came. "And I see we're trying to move up to the big leagues."

Panic flooded Claire's body. "Wh... What? No, I... Candice and I, we're... we're just messing around!" Claire tried to chuckle good-naturedly, but Luna just arched her brow, and the chuckles crumbled. "Luna, I swear!" Claire became desperate. "I- I'm not trying to move up to anything! It's just Candice, that's it! It- It won't happen again!" She was babbling, starting to sweat, as Luna's expression stayed ice cold the whole time, Claire desperate to say something to get her out of a world-class punishment!

When Luna raised a hand, Claire instinctively flinched and gripped on tight to the waistband of her skirt. She never expected Luna to gently stroke her hair. "Oh pet, I believe you." Claire froze, still tensed up. The honey in Luna's voice was laced with something else. "At least, right now. See, I also believe that people's opinions can change. But sometimes all they need is one push back, and they'll stay on their... appropriate level." Luna's hand abruptly fell from Claire's head to her shoulder, her exposed black bra strap. "No, I think this one push should do. Wouldn't want you getting complacent."

As soon as the last syllable left Luna's tongue, Claire twisted out from Luna's hand and tried to run. Though Luna's hand slipped from Claire's shoulder, she did grab a neat handful of Claire's violet blouse. The fabric held Claire in place, but she kept struggling and twisting as the shirt was pulled up her body, over her face and head. At first she fought to keep it on, but then she realized she had to let it go! And so she did! Claire straightened her arms and twisted right out of her blouse. As Luna looked down at the violet fabric bunched up in her hand, Claire bolted down the hallway, arms hugged over her cleavage contained by a jet-black bra. She ran harder than she ever did in her life, a pale blur down the hall! Claire ran to the stairwell, taking the steps three, even four at a time! She had to get out of there!!! Thankfully, the halls were clear for the moment, meaning she could run and run and only worry about running into one person in particular!

Claire ran through almost the entire second floor before she was simply too out of breath to continue. Doubling over and wheezing, Claire realized there were no footsteps giving chase. She snuck up alongside a row of lockers, peering down both sides of the hallway. Not a soul. Claire chuckled through a pant for air. She got away?! Yes!! She smiled, continuing to fight for breath. She didn't even care that she was shirtless in the hall; if Luna had had her way, Claire'd be a lot worse off! Legs shaking from the sudden fight-or-flight panic, Claire snuck out from her hiding spot, still breathing hard...

...only to waltz right out in front of Luna! The queen bee smirked, emerald eyes glinting maliciously.

Claire was a topless deer in headlights, unable to stammer out a single terrified squeak. How?! Claire peeked past Luna and gulped. She had accidentally run so far, she looped the entire second floor and ended up right next to the very stairwell she used to climb up! She looked back at Luna and smiled, bashful and

desperate.

"That wasn't very polite," Luna drawled, taking her hands off her hips. "Now we've got a lot of time to make up for!"

Claire turned to try and run again, but Luna reached out and yanked her back by the back of her bra, causing the clasp to snap right open. "Ah!" Claire brought her hands up to her chest to prevent her bra from falling off her boobs. As she tried running again, Luna gripped the sides of her skirt and yanked downward, Claire's skirt catching around her knees and sending her tumbling to the ground. "Oof!" Claire hit the ground boobs-first, black-panties-clad butt in the air. She still tried to worm away, to get away from this nightmare, but Luna went in for the clincher! Luna loomed over Claire, wrapped her fingers around the waistband of her panties with both hands, and heaved up with a mightier pull than Claire could have ever dreaded!

"eeeeEEEEEEEEEEEEK!" Luna literally lifted Claire into the air from her being on all fours, panties rocketing into the goth's crotch and up her butt crack deeper than she had ever experienced before! Legs feebly kicking, hands weakly grasping, Claire's bra fell from her fingers as Luna pulled up and up still, bouncing the poor girl with every tug! "Ahhhh... AHHHH!" Claire gasped for air as her perky breasts loudly slapped up and down, as her head began to fog up with hot pleasure. It hurt, yes, but it also... oh... oh God, the power! Claire couldn't help but let a moan trickle out from between her lips... "Mmmm... Ahnn..."

As quiet as the moan had been, Luna had heard it, her ruby-red lips turning up in a grin. "My my, enjoying this, are we?" A pause. "I think I have just the spot for you."

Holding Claire in front of her like a bag of laundry, Luna carried her flustered wedgie victim down the hall, to a wide window. Still pulling Claire's underwear up into her butt crack with one hand, Luna opened the window with the other. The loud squeak cut through Claire's arousal. "...w-wait... what... what are you- OH!"

Before Claire could stammer out the full sentence, Luna swung her forward, cupping her crotch with a hand as she lowered Claire out the window. What was she doing?! And how strong was this woman?!?! "Luna... No!" But of course Luna continued to lower Claire out the window, until she could hook the back of the goth's panties on the sill. Immediately, the force against Claire's underside got ten times more ferocious! "AHHHHN!" And Luna slammed the window shut, leaving Claire dangling outside the second-story window, clad only in her increasingly-stretched jet black panties.

Claire gasped and bit her lip as she ineffectually pedaled her feet against the wall, hands clawing at her crotch as the fabric dug up between her cheeks, up into her private parts. This was a stronger pull than Hannah could have ever given her... It was beyond uncomfortable, it was excruciating! And yet... Claire couldn't think straight. Her butt cheeks rubbed against the bricks behind her. Where Luna had touched her was getting wetter... She continued to moan, louder, with less control. She felt her body flushing with heat, with pleasure. Claire felt like she would explode! Her privates were buzzing, singing! Oh God... it feels so... "Ahhh!" The nearly-nude goth continued to wiggle as arousal boiled inside her. Should it feel this good? Should feel so close to... like she was about to... Claire moaned and continued to claw at her crotch as the pleasure seized her...

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The shriek was what first got Candice's attention, but it was the moaning that got her curiosity. The bare-assed blonde had been carefully creeping around the outside of the school, trying to keep herself concealed using the bushes. She had just crept out of the foliage with an arm firmly around each of her front bits when she first heard a loud voice and darted back into cover. At first she thought it was maybe some couple making out behind the school, but then the noises intensified, and Candice crept ahead, confused, but with a tighter grip on herself than before.

When Candice finally discovered who it was making all the noises, she covered her mouth to suppress a

oud gasp. Out of all the things she could have expected, the last would have been seeing Claire dangling from a second-story window by her stretched-out black undies, the only stitch of clothing still on her! As much noise as she had been making to attract Candice, Claire was quiet then, gently swinging back and forth, wringing her hands over her lap. She was shuddering a little, and her face was a brighter red than Candice ever could have imagined a face being. Something shone on the wall behind her in like a splatter pattern... and what was that smell? Whatever, Claire needed help! "Claire?!" Candice called, concerned and bewildered.

"Wha?!?!" Claire immediately snapped to attention, pedaling her feet and swinging faster. "C-Candice!!" Claire finally noticed her audience, hands flying between her bare chest and aching pussy. "I... I..."

"What the heck happened?!" Although Candice already had a pretty good idea; there's only one person who would enact that kind of punishment. Karma, Candice almost wanted to think, but she was too worried for Claire's safety to take any sort of vindication out of anything!

Since it went without saying that it was Luna's work, Claire just bit her lip and struggled (and failed) to get purchase on the wall behind her, failing to ease the fabric burrowing into her private parts, straining as it stretched from the window. "I- I just... Nothing! Nothing happened!!! I just... need to get down..."

"Well duh!!" Candice shifted her feet, looking around for some way to help. If she stepped forward into the bushes - bristles tickling her bare thighs and giving her chills - and reached with all her might, she barely even grazed Claire's toes. Plus, there was the embarrassment of her boobs flopping as she jumped, reminding her of her exposed state. "Just... just hold on! Maybe there's a ladder or something-"

Before that thought finished, Candice heard something: fabric tearing. Claire heard it too, eyes going wide. Her panties were stretching thinner in thinner behind her! Frantically, Claire scrambled up the wall, trying to alleviate the pressure, as she sank lower instead. "Oh!... I think..."

\*snap\*

"AHHH!" Claire shrieked as her panties tore, sending her tumbling down from the second floor. Gasping, Candice leapt back, as Claire tumbled into the shrubbery. The torn back of her panties blew like a flag hanging from the upstairs window, as a breeze sent the remaining half swirling off the goth's body, out into the trees beyond the school.

"Are you... okay?" Candice asked, rushing forward but directing her eyes upward. The way Claire fell into the bushes, onto her back, it gave Candice a pretty indecent view.

Grumbling, Claire rolled out of the bushes, brushing stray leaves and twigs out of her hair. "F-Fine... Never better, in fact..." She hesitated, then sensed her state of complete undress, hurriedly covering her front. Great! Now she was naked outside too! Frowning, she looked up at Candice, who had a weird expression on her dorky face. "I'm- I'm not apologizing, by the way, if that's what you're waiting for."

The words snapped Candice out of looking at Claire's pale bod, and reminded her of her own bod hanging out completely uncovered. Crossing her legs and hugging her chest, Candice groaned. "Whatever. That's what you get for messing with Luna."

"I DIDN'T mess with her!" Claire barked, gripping her sore pussy even tighter.

Been there before, Candice thought to herself, her butt cheeks aching with phantom pains of that time in the library... so many spanks... "Whatever," Candice repeated. "She's probably waiting for you at the front door. Don't keep her waiting."

Claire's face was already as red as it could be, but certainly tried to flush redder. "I'm not going back in like \*this\*!"

"Well, tough!" Candice snapped back. "Cuz I've been looking all over, and there's no other way back into school!" Wearily, Candice sighed out all her anger. "Let's just... get this over with."

Claire hesitated, then gave a sigh almost as weary. "Come with me," she directed Candice. She started off in the direction of the parking lot, but stopped when she looked back and saw the dork stock still with her hands over her sensitive regions. "Now!" she barked. Though obviously reluctant, seeing no other choice, Candice jogged after Claire.

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The two ladies snuck through the parking lot, ducking low past the cars. No one was outside, but you never know who might look out the window and see something private. With arms locked like vices over their breasts and crotches, Claire and Candice crouched through the parking lot. Candice had her head on a swivel for any hooky-players or rabble rousers, so distracted that she didn't notice Claire had stopped until her face was mere inches away from Claire's bare derriere. "Bwah!" Candice leaped away as Claire stood up and started patting the trunk of the dark blue two-door they were in front of. "Is this... your car?" Candice asked, realizing it was probably a dumb question. She was just so on edge, being naked outside of school!

Claire nodded without looking over. "I have... something. It'll help us get back inside."

Seeing Claire let go of herself only made Candice hold herself even tighter. She suddenly blushed redder. "You... You don't have your car key..." Candice gulped. "...on your person... do you?"

"What? No!" Claire yelled back, indignant. "I installed a fingerprint lock as a backup. Just let me unlock my trunk."

Candice almost swore she was joking, as right as she said that, Claire very exaggeratedly (or at least it seemed to Candice) bent at the hips and stuck out her pale bare ass, wiggling back and forth as she used the secret fingerprint lock. Candice looked away, at first, for modesty's sake, but as she kept glancing over to check Claire's progress, her gaze began lingering longer and longer on the goth's tight round hiney... gently swaying from side to side. Candice tried to snap out of it, only to get mesmerized again. It's just a butt! A cute, toned... milky... pair of butt cheeks... A weird feeling rumbled through Candice's insides. She felt a strange, almost uncanny urge to stick out her hand... maybe give it a little smack...

The sudden \*clunk\* of the car's trunk popping open finally snapped Candice out of it, nearly making her jump back a few feet as well. Bending deeper into the trunk, Claire dug around, muttering to herself. Making a very conscious effort to look around Claire's butt, Candice tried to look and see what was cluttering the goth's car trunk. There were scraps, maybe screens, what looked like a camera tripod, a pair of oven mitts outfitted with some wires that Candice was in no mood to discover the purpose of... "There!" Again, Candice jumped back as Claire straightened, what looked like two black bands in her hands. She turned and tossed one to Candice, who nearly fumbled it before catching it.

It looked like a smartwatch or something, at first glance, but a bit bulkier. There was a small screen above a row of buttons, and a bunch of little grey panels decorating the sides. "Put it on," Claire insisted. Candice hesitated. "Just do it!" Claire yelled, and Candice complied, putting her wrist through the band and tightening it to fit.

"...this?" Candice gestured to the watch-looking thing. "This is your plan?"

Claire reached over, Candice flinching and pulling away, but Claire hit a button on the device anyway. Worried, Candice watched the screen lit up in a myriad of colors... then vanish. What? Then the rest of the device vanished.

Then her arm vanished! “Ahh!” Candice yelled as her entire body lost its color before vanishing entirely! Candice quickly slapped her hands where she knew her body was, feeling her bare skin and hearing the contact, but not seeing any of it! “What the heck?!”

“It’s the latest evolution of my invisibility tech,” Claire explained, fidgeting with the remaining device in her hand. “This is how we go through the front door without being seen. That prototype’s a bit finicky, so you know now, so don’t move around too fast.”

Candice frowned, forgetting Claire couldn’t see her. “Prototype? Why do I get the prototype?”

“Because I get the real one,” Claire answered. “And you’re the only \*supposed\* to be naked out here, remember?” She closed her car’s trunk, then looped the non-prototype device around her own wrist.

Candice’s invisible frown deepened, as she continued to feel at her apparently-still-there body. “Wait, so you have experimental invisibility tech in your trunk, but not spare clothes?!”

Claire shrugged. “Well, the devices don’t work with clothes.”

“But why not just pack clothes?!” Candice practically yelled.

“Cuz where would I be driving without any clothes on?!” Claire yelled back. Then she checked herself. “Though I guess... makes sense for situations like this... where I lose them- Not the point!” Claire slapped her own device and quickly vanished out of sight. “There we go. Just stay close, alright? We’ll go right to the locker room... Candice?” Claire spun around. “Candice?” No response.

A groan stopped in Claire’s throat as she turned towards the school and watching some of the grass in front of the doors flatten and spring back up from an invisible foot. Whatever. Not like she needed to go in with Candice anyway. She’ll just find her in the locker room and get the device back later. For now, the most important thing was to get there and find some clothes. And so set off a naked, but invisible, Claire, in the footsteps of an equally naked-but-invisible Candice.

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Even though she was invisible, Candice still hugged her arms over her chest and crotch. She didn’t trust Claire’s tricks to last, so she made a break for it, making a mental promise to give the device back later. As Candice passed through the front doors, she immediately froze, though. Even just the main foyer was packed with students commuting to class between periods, teachers and faculty walking to lunch and back. What was she doing?! Even if she couldn’t be seen, Candice still covered herself. It didn’t matter what people saw; \*she\* knew she was naked in school! The cool A/C on her body, there was no forgetting it! And part of her didn’t even believe she couldn’t be seen! Not until a pair of chatty students making their way out to the parking lot for lunch period walked right by her without even a suspicious glance. Then another. Not a pause, not even a hint something was amiss.

Slowly, Candice relaxed. It... it was working! She really was invisible! No one saw her! Smiling to herself, Candice slowly lifted her arms off her body. By all rights, she should have everything hanging out in front of everyone, and no one so much as looked her way! Confidence building, Candice took careful steps into the crowd. Don’t mind me, she cheekily thought to herself as she slid past two girls looking down at each other’s phone. Just passing through... naked! Candice strolled along, part of the crowd like any other day! Every student she slipped past took away her hesitations one by one. The cool A/C got cooler as Candice picked up her pace. She could feel her nipples getting harder... Too bad no one could see!

Oops! Candice got a bit too caught up in the moment and strayed a bit too close to someone, accidentally bumping into them. Immediately, Candice hopped away as the girl took out her earbuds and blamed the girl next to her. Candice scampered off as their argument heated up, the one girl swearing she didn’t touch the other. Someone made a passing remark about there being a ghost in the hallway...

Gotta be more careful! That incident recentered Candice a bit. Replacing all the nervous energy with business, she slowed down a bit, became more alert as to who she was around and how close she was to them, erring more towards the edge of the hallway. Just make it to the locker room! Who knows how long this invisibility will last...

Candice weaved her path through the hall, as tricky as it was to keep her distance while everyone was between periods, commuting to class or grabbing stuff out of their lockers. She snuck through the crowds, managing to not raise any suspicions about her invisible streaking, throwing her hips forward and back last second and flattening herself against the wall to not accidentally graze a student with her unseen assets. The wall was super cold, but actually pretty smooth and... almost pleasant... Get it together, Candice! Locker room! Find clothes!

After a few more oblivious students wandered by, Candice rushed off the wall, only to get ambushed by someone bending into their locker, their butt bumping right into Candice. Scrambling to stay on her feet, Candice wheeled around to see who it was, as she immediately straightened and looked around. Emma! The rich snob's red locks bounced to and fro as she looked around with a puzzled expression, searching for who she just slammed her booty into, looking straight through Candice. Candice froze, forgetting for a moment that she was still invisible. She remembered that little fact with a smile as Emma looked right through her one more time, then turned around and bent over again to get her math book out of her locker. She was wearing tight purple slacks and a flower-patterned blouse that stopped above the midriff, leaving quite a bit of bare back between the bottom of the blouse and the top of her pants... as well as the slightest hint of a white waistband...

Candice stared at that waistband as Emma's hips slightly shook with her effort of reaching into the back of her locker. Memories of all the wedgies, all the chafed privates Emma had given her raced through Candice's mind, but not just what befell her. Loudest of all, she remembered the sobs of Mallory, crying and naked in front of dozens and dozens of strangers. Emma deserved comeuppance, to choke on her own medicine! Usually Candice wouldn't consider doing it herself, since her bullies would only turn it onto her and make it worse, but she wouldn't have a clue that it was Candice if she was invisible... Excitement bubbled through Candice. A consequence-free spot of revenge? How could she refuse? And so Candice carefully reached out, gripped the waistband on Emma's panties, and heaved upwards.

"kyAHHHH!" Emma dropped her armful of books, spilling them into her locker and onto the school tiles, as her undies very suddenly and sharply shot up into her butt and pulled at her privates! Gripping her crotch, Emma wheeled around, searching furiously for the loser that just gave her a wedgie! Candice had let go of her panties, and they flapped out from the top of Emma's slacks like a flag. "Who did that?" Emma barked, everyone in the hallway stopping to see what the fuss was about. "Who just did that to me?"

No one knew what Emma was talking about, but they did notice the underwear trailing out from her behind. "Nice look, Emma." Students began to chuckle, gathering around Emma and pointing at her flapping, lace-trimmed flag.

Blushing and stuffing her panties back down her pants, Emma just yelled louder. "No! Someone wedgied me! Who did it? When I get my hands on you, I swear..."

As Emma yelled and denied that the wardrobe malfunction was her fault, she was too worked up to notice gentle hands carefully undoing the buttons on her slacks and easing the zipper down. Candice wasn't satisfied with a single wedgie. No, Emma deserved stronger medicine... Some of the students crowding around Emma noticed her fly coming down, murmuring and pointing as she continued to rant. "Someone did this! You all think you're so clever? One of you did this, and I'm going to find out and-"

Yoink! Candice gripped the legs of Emma's slacks and tugged them down to the ground. Immediately, the crowd came alive in laughter, snapping pics and pointing. The sudden surge of laughter confused Emma... until she looked down. "AHH!" Emma immediately buckled her knees and covered her crotch, trying to



keep her panties from view! "Stop it! Stop doing this!" Although Emma's voice broke, as she wasn't entirely sure who to blame. Who could have done this? She had been looking at everyone...

Clang! Emma's locker door abruptly swung shut! Not only that, but it closed on the back of her blouse. "E EP!" Emma jumped, but with her blouse stuck in the door, nearly sending her ample chest soaring up out of the top. Emma rocked forward, trying to tease her blouse free while still covering her panties. Everyone was laughing at her! What was happening?!

Rip! Emma lunged forward in a desperate attempt to yank her top out of the locker... but it didn't work like she imagined. Instead, the force of her lunge (with a little help from an unseen presence) ripped her clean out of her blouse and almost made her trip on her fallen slacks. As Emma steadied herself, she was besieged by what felt like a thousand cameras flashing at once, every microsecond of her bare boobs bouncing free captured in photos! "AAAAHHHH!" Emma covered her chest with both hands as the crowd grew and grew around her, more and more students stopping by to see the redheaded bimbo embarrass herself! "But it's not me!" Emma insisted. "Who's doing this?!"

Upsy-daisy! Right when Emma wondered to herself if things could get any worse, invisible hands gripped the back of her panties and heaved upwards again. "AAAAH! NOOOOOO!" Emma's undies stretched past her shoulder, nearly taking her off her feet! The crowd oohed and aahed as Emma was jerked up again and again by the back of her panties. Fabric burrowed deep into her privates to the point where Emma couldn't uncross her eyes! Her toes curled! "Oh! OH! Aaaah!" Emma cried out as the students whispered about a ghost giving Emma the business! Almost satisfied, Candice smirked to herself. One last cherry on top...

Not used to wedgies, Emma collapsed when her invisible harasser finally relented. Hands clasped over her lap, Emma fell forward, boobs smushing on the tiles, butt lifted into the air. Emma breathed heavy, but tensed up again when she felt the hands on her panties again. "N-no!" she weakly protested. "Not my... panties!" She wrapped the fabric over her thumbs to try and hold on, but Candice was determined. It only took her a pull or two to yank the panties out of Emma's grip, whisking them down her long, pale legs and finally off her ankles, throwing them down the hall, into the flummoxed hands of a student, as all the others crowded around the butt-naked redhead in the hallway!

"NOOOOOOOOooooooo!" Emma's cry of humiliation got farther and farther as she picked herself up and sprinted away, one hand over her butt crack, the other hugged over her chest. Candice watched her streak with a big grin on her invisible face. She had done it! She had really gotten back at Emma! And it felt so good!

In the aftermath of the bizarre incident, students got to whispering, spreading rumors. A girl named Tracey gossiped with her friends, "Melanie told me that she felt a presence earlier. Like, she swore she bumped into someone, but no one was there!" She looked down her nose and grinned like she was delivering a campfire story. "Tell me that's a coincidence."

"I always thought EMAGS was kinda creepy," her friend Amy admitted, "but I never would have expected it to actually be haunted!"

"Please." Sara stepped closer to the others, her frizzy red curls bobbing. "Ghosts? You really believe that sort of thing?"

Tracey raised her eyebrows. "You're gonna tell me that wasn't spooky?"

Sara shook her head. "There's no paranormal, no supernatural. It's stuff people make up to feel better about themselves. There is bound to be some grounded, rational explanation for what we just witnessed, and it kinda pisses me off that you just default to thinking there's no explanation."

But neither girl was listening. They were looking down and giggling at Sara's sweatpants around her ankle

s, her yellow and blue polka-dot panties revealed.

On the other side, crouched behind the departed Sara, Candice looked up with a grin. She had always figured Sara was packing something under those sweats, and now she knew it was something indeed! Wide hips and a thick booty! How's that for a 'ghost'?

It didn't take long for Sara to feel the draft and squeal, hurriedly bending down to pick her pants up, Candice jumping out of the way to avoid that thick booty hitting her in the head! Sara flushed red as Tracey and Amy continued to laugh. "They're a size big, alright?"

Tracey guffawed hard, but abruptly stopped and yelped when, apropos of nothing, her plaid skirt flew up, revealing her own pink-patterned undies! She let her books tumble from her hands as she pulled her skirt down, her friends and other students passing by laughing, but also gasped. Was there really a ghost haunting the halls of Eager Meadows All-Girls School?

Fighting super hard to contain her giggles, Candice practically skipped from classmate to classmate, pants and skirts yanked to the ground everywhere! Candice even made a game of it! One point for every pant sing, two if the classmate wore no undies, and three if they immediately bent over, giving Candice an opportunity to give them a quick wedgie or spank! Bonus points for every spank, and bonus bonus points for every time it was across a bare butt! She quickly lost count after fifty! Grinning like a madwoman and bouncing with what felt like limitless energy, Candice pantsed her way down the hall until the hallway looked like the locker room! And no one would ever know it was her! It was like a lucid dream come true! 'You want a ghost, Eager Meadows High?' Candice jokingly asked herself. "Well, you got one!"

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Meanwhile, Claire slunk her own way through the halls, dodging the between-period traffic as best she could. She kept putting her hand in front of her face every chance she had to ensure she was still invisible. Not that she wasn't confident in her designs... but she had learned well enough that nothing was ever truly finished when it came to work being done. Still, it was working so far. Not a single student noticed her creeping by on wobbly legs, naked as the day she was born. It was surreal to Claire; she felt like a character on a TV show that had to strip to be invisible. Never thought she'd be part of that kind of trope herself...

Claire kept up her pace, threading through the throngs to make it to the locker room as soon as possible. She did, however, come to a complete halt when she heard a familiar voice that made her instinctively slam her thighs together and cover her boobs. Luna! Up ahead! Claire doubled back, only to remember she was invisible. She could slip by Luna no problem! Still, the closer she came to the queen bee, the more her tummy felt like jell-o. If anyone would have the uncanny, unnatural power to see her, it'd be that witch.

Luna was hanging around the water fountain alcove, gabbing with a fellow cheerleader named Sherry, who probably took the top spot in 'most stuck-up' on the team with Emma's departure. Claire darted past the alcove, but stopped, catching onto the girls' conversation.

"...n't believe we really have that stupid assembly right after gym!" Sherry complained in her annoying, nasally voice.

"Mm, yes." Claire could sense the supercilious smirk on Luna's face. "You'll certainly be quite drained after taking half an hour to walk a mile."

Sherry made exasperated noises. "It's just dumb! We gotta do the whole rally all over again cos Hannah went and flashed her junk? What's the point? It's just stupid!"

Luna made some judgmental 'hmm' sound. "Positively criminal. How dare they ask us to perform the same routine twice, while cutting ten minutes off of every class. The gall."

"Well," Sherry indignantly stammered, "I'm just saying, it's not like there's anything to gain from it! What, you think we'll just forget what ended the last one? Take two?"

Claire realized last second they were coming her way! Sucking in her stomach and flattening against the wall, Claire froze as Luna and Sherry strolled past, none the wiser. She slowly let the breath out as they strolled out of earshot, and watching Luna sashay away gave way to a profound realization for Claire. She was invisible! Like, actually! If she was ever going to stand a chance at getting back at Luna, it'd be like this! Luna would never expect it! Claire could do it! She could really do it, get that bitch back for what she did to her beloved Hannah! This accidental incident might have been the best thing to ever happen to Claire! She could already hear Hannah's sweet song, 'Wow Claire! What genius! What bravery! You truly are the one for me!' In glee, Claire clapped her hands, only to realize the noise she was making was drawing attention. Quickly, she hopped off after Luna, to trail her and wait for the right opportunity to strike...

Claire only took a step before stopping in confusion. The people around her were all looking the other way, streaming the other direction. Some din was growing down the hall. Claire turned around and crept closer to the sound, and quickly found utter pandemonium. Students' skirts were pooled around their ankles, panties were stretched onto locker doors, shirts were pulled up over heads, and there were more bare moons in the hall than an astronomy convention! What the hell was happening over there?!

With the excitement of being naked where no one could see, and the rush she got from indulging in behaviors she never would otherwise, Candice had absolutely zero inhibitions left! Boiling over with energy, Candice danced and danced to prevent herself from bursting out laughing, swinging her hips and pumping her fists with uncontrollable, slap happy power-drunkenness! What a day! Not even her fantasies were this fun!

But as Candice danced and danced, she completely missed a quiet fizzling noise coming from her wrist. With all her fast, erratic motions, the invisibility device prototype was having a tough time keeping up, until it finally gave out. Over a second, Candice's color filled back in, until she was completely visible again, every inch of her on full display once more.

It was the flurry of sound abruptly quieting that gave Candice pause. What happened? Had everyone gone? But Candice opened her eyes and saw everyone still there... and looking at her. Candice gulped and looked down. She had frozen mid-dance, bent at the hips, her uncovered boobs hanging down heavily, her bare ass aimed at probably a dozen or so of her classmates along the lockers. Slowly, Candice's feet turned inward, her arms coming down from over her head to over her ample chest, a sheepish smile growing on her face. The invisibility must have finally worn off... leaving her butt-naked in the school hallway!

Faster than anyone could react, before even the first giggles began, a still-invisible Claire darted over to Candice - as fast as she could go with legs that were still trembling - and slapped Candice's invisibility device, causing Candice to vanish back out of sight, confusing everyone. Claire then grabbed Candice by the wrist and dragged her to the janitor's closet a few doors down. Along the way, Candice intermittently flickered visible, students gasping in bewilderment as the nude blonde appeared in front of them to vanish again. Barely anyone even registered the janitor's closet door opening and closing.

A few seconds passed in which all was silent. Then someone shouted, "Oh God... the ghost got Candice!!" And everyone began freaking out again.

Inside the janitor's closet, Claire pulled the cord to the light bulb and adjusted her own device to become visible again, completely apathetic to her re-revealed nakedness. She then yanked the device off of Candice, bringing the blonde back to full visibility - and nudity. Blushing from the sudden reveal, Candice crossed her arms over her boobs. "Um... thanks... for that..." She nearly avoided backing up into an errant broom handle at the wrong angle, sidling over to a shelf lined with cleaning supplies for a little bit of modesty.

"Whatever." Pulling a screwdriver off the tool shelf behind her, Claire popped open the display section of Candice's prototype and used what she had on hand to tinker with it a bit. "There," Claire added as she tig

htened a screw and shut the display. "Should be fixed."

Immediately, Candice reached out to take the device back, but Claire only pulled it closer to her chest. "Hey!" Candice whined before huddling back behind the shelf, a few window-cleaning spray bottles perfectly censoring her nipples.

"You can have this back," Claire told Candice, "but you have to do something with me."

Candice frowned, keeping her eyes on Claire's, not letting them drift lower. "And that would be..."

Claire smirked. "We're going to prank Luna."

Candice's eyes nearly shot out of her head. "You really are nuts!"

"Either you help me, or you walk back outside without this!" Claire dangled the device just out of Candice's reach.

Candice crossed her legs tighter and grit her teeth. What a crappy situation! Either streak naked back to the locker room, or get a round of retaliation from Luna! Cuz there was no way they would be able to land a finger on her! "Did your brain turn invisible?!" Candice nearly yelled before lowering her voice and retreating more behind the shelf. "Did you forget that she's the reason you're naked in a janitor's closet?"

Claire groaned. "Look... there's never gonna be a chance better than this. And she deserves it! Can you honestly say she doesn't?" Claire nodded when her question went without answer. "I know you've always been jealous of my Hannah, but can you really just sit there and not think Luna doesn't deserve anything for doing what she did to her?" Though Candice frowned a bit at that, she didn't respond. Claire went on, "If we don't do something while she literally cannot see us coming, then when? Think about it! Hannah will love me so much! Er..." Claire coughed. "And she'll... maybe like you better too. A bit."

Silence. Candice mulled it over. As much as she really did think Luna went too far with Hannah, she really didn't want to have to be the one to dish out the justice. Revenge wasn't exactly her strong suit, and against someone as strong as Luna, in the name of someone like Hannah, it felt all kinds of wrong. But then again, the invisibility worked... Luna couldn't trace it back to her and Claire. And the alternative was running halfway through school naked... although that might only be a fraction of the kind of punishment Luna could enact on her... And would Hannah really appreciate her doing it? Even a hint of good favor towards Hannah would make her inevitable return better for Candice...

Taking in a deep, shaky breath and stepping out from behind the shelf, Candice nodded. "Okay."

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The bell rang for the end of final period, summoning the current gym class back indoors. The girls filed into the locker room to quickly shower off and get ready for the day's big assembly. One of the last ones out of the shower was Luna. By the time she strolled out of the steam, fluffy towel wrapped around her lithe body, the final few girls were dressed and on their way out into the gym. It didn't matter much to Luna; she was cheer captain, after all, so the show couldn't start without her. Plus, it was the same routine as the previous pep rally. Showing up was really more a polite courtesy than anything.

Alone in the locker room, Luna made her way to her locker to collect her uniform. She spun the dial to and fro, combination locked in, pulled the door... Frowning, Luna pulled again, harder. Her locker wouldn't open. Damn things are always jamming. This time felt different, though. It wasn't age-old amenities rusting away. It was like something was stuck in the door.

A clattering noise in the locker row one over. Curious, Luna glanced over to see a lone volleyball rolling over the bench and onto the floor. Some discarded makeup supplies scattered over the floor. Odd. Neither

of those things seemed like they should be there.

Clang! Clang! Someone was very abruptly opening and shutting their locker door. Clang! Clang! Smirking to herself, Luna strode down the way. "Manners, darling. Leaving things around, making a mess? Do we need to have a conversation about this?"

Luna turned down the row and stopped in her tracks. Clang! Clang! The locker was opening and closing ... but no one was there to move the door?

Smirk twisting into a grimace, Luna glanced around the locker bay. "I'm not a fan of shenanigans, truthfully. Show yourself."

Clang Clang! Clang Clang! Luna whipped around to see two locker doors next to each other mysteriously slamming themselves open and shut! Clang Clang! Two more where she had just been looking!

"Grand," Luna drawled, frowning and looking around before hearing something under the metal-on-metal racket and ducking. The volleyball whizzed just an inch over her head! It struck the lockers with an incredibly loud crash, then bounced up and down, up and down like someone was dribbling it before it just hovered in midair. Then it floated towards her.

Luna backed up at first, only to turn around and see makeup tools hovering in a cloud towards her from the other way! Tightening her grip on her towel, Luna began to back up into the showers, all her smug responses washed out. This wasn't just dippy teenage shenanigans... Whatever was responsible for this was n't normal... The volleyball came closer, the makeup inches away...

"Boo."

Two breathy whispers right up to her ears made Luna lash out, swinging a fist around both sides of her, but what only happened was that the volleyball flew back into the locker and the makeup scattered back over the floor. Luna's breath quickened. "What is this..." Though she would never admit it and give whatever phenomenon accosting her the satisfaction... she was beginning to get unnerved!

Suddenly, it felt like hands forcibly gripped the bottom of her towel! Grabbing it with both hands, Luna backed up, pulling some invisible force to retain possession of her towel! Another pair of 'hands' pulled the other way, revealing most of her thighs, but Luna held firm to keep herself from any further exposure. She backed up until she hit the wall of a shower stall, digging her bare feet into the tiles to fight the unseen forces trying to strip her naked! The forces... the \*ghosts\* wouldn't relent, pulling harder and harder to try and overpower her! But Luna held tight and managed to hold them back!

In the struggled, Luna twisted and accidentally nudged the knob of the shower. Cold water immediately spewed from the shower head, but even as she was once again soaked, Luna kept fighting for her towel!

But the fight was already over. As soon as water made contact with Claire and Candice's invisibility devices, both devices belched out sparks and shorted out. From there, it took only moments for the both of them to become fully visible. No ghosts here, only two soaking-wet naked dorks!

As soon as a smile flashed across Luna's face, both Claire and Candice hesitated. Both had noticed the sparks, and both knew exactly what that expression meant. Still, mostly in disbelief, both girls looked down at themselves, and realized their plan had fallen apart. Squealing, they let go of the towel and covered themselves, Candice covering her crotch with both hands, while Claire put a hand over each of her breasts and crossed her legs to hide her privates. "Um..." Claire sheepishly mumbled, not sure of what to do or say.

"We're sorry!" Candice yelped. "We... we were just..."

Readjusting her towel, Luna grinned down upon the two busted pranksters. "What a surprise. Little Miss Candice on a walk with Hannah's pet." She loomed tall over the terrified dorks. "Back in school after so much excitement, and their first thought is to come and say hello with a scheme to embarrass me. Well, pets, I must tell you..." Her wicked eyes glowed green. Both Claire and Candice shrunk away, hands raised in feeble defense, waiting for hell to rain down upon them!

"Not bad, little jaybirds. Not bad at all."

Claire and Candice froze shielding themselves. Did they hear that right?

"Really quite inspired," Luna went on, tightening her towel around herself, pacing the way back to her locker. "Certainly not anything I would have predicted. What was the end goal? Scare me out of here naked? Oh come on, be honest with me." Both girls nodded very carefully, slowly following Luna back to her locker. Luna chuckled as she wrenched the door open with a single pull. "And I literally wouldn't have seen you coming. A decent plan, truthfully."

Claire and Candice shared a bewildered glance. Was she... praising them? For trying to embarrass her? Something that, by all rights, should result in a spanking so vicious that handprints would be left on their buttocks until graduation?

Luna appearing over them startled them both. "A question, though. Did you have to be \*naked\* for your little gambit to work?"

Claire sheepishly grinned and hugged her chest. "Yeah, well... It- The invisibility... doesn't work with clothes yet, unfortunately..."

Luna chuckled. "Fair enough. Well, you two should be getting out of here before someone sees you like this." Gentle hands between their shoulders guided them to the locker room door, Candice and Claire still quietly babbling little sentences of gratitude in disbelief. "Anytime," Luna replied as they reached the door. "Ta then, ladies. Until our next encounter." A quick nudge got them through the door, which then shut.

Both girls stood stunned, staring at each other. "That... went over better than I thought it would," Candice said at last.

Claire nodded, eyes still wide with the fear. "Yeah... I saw my life flashing before my eyes!"

"Me too!" Candice agreed, laughing with Claire. "Wow," she added, "I guess she really isn't that-" Words died on Candice's tongue as her blood ran cold. "Wait... Shouldn't we be... \*in\* the locker room? Where our... clothes are?"

Claire's eyes widened again, rigidly nodding. In the panic, it hadn't even registered to either of them that Luna had pushed them out of the locker room. And if they were out of the locker room, they were in the gym...

...where the assembly had just started!

The fear put into the girls by Luna slowly ebbed away, as the cheering and laughter of the packed stands surrounded them, the bleachers alight with flashing phone cameras. A spotlight swept over them, highlighting Claire, Candice, and all of their nudity to the raucous audience. Both girls were too stunned to cover up, dripping and shining wet, everything hanging out as the cameras continued to flash... It seemed so unreal to them both, like a bad dream... Completely naked... All these people...

SLAP! Both girls were nearly knocked over as Luna walked past them out from the locker room, clad in her gold-trimmed captain's uniform, giving a hearty open-palmed smack onto each girl's vulnerable behind. She gave the girls a smirk over her shoulder as she sashayed up the steps, onto the stage, plucking the

microphone out of Principal Waxley's hand as she stood stock still staring in disbelief at the two buck-nude students crashing the assembly.

"Good afternoon, ladies," Luna greeted the gymnasium with a haughty announcer's tone. "It is my honor to present to you... your Eager Meadows Ghosts!"

The crowd swelled with cheers, and Candice and Claire finally found the energy to scream and frantically cover themselves. Squirming under the spotlight, Claire and Candice hugged their chests, then covered their crotches, then covered each other's crotches, both girls' hands flying every which way trying to cover something, anything!

Claire about-faced and threw a hand over her butt as she pushed against the locker room door, but it didn't budge! She glanced over to Luna with shock and horror, as the queen bee spun a keyring around her finger. Locked out of the locker room! Claire froze to the spot with her face burning red, not having a clue what to do! She spun around, her hands flying between her butt and her front, unable to decide which was more important to shield from the audience! Candice was no better, manically swapping between covering her boobs and her pussy, occasionally spinning around and covering her bubble butt (or most of it, at least!), but no matter what she tried to cover, there was always something left exposed! Of course, everything had already been on full display! Covering her front, Candice backed away, until her butt collided with Claire's, causing both girls to yelp and jump, briefly letting go of themselves to give the audience another glimpse of frontal nudity to cheer about. When both finally got the sense to try and run, both ran the wrong way, slamming into one another and falling over in a tangle of bare skin and flailing limbs.

"Get off me!" Candice pleaded, trying and failing to push Claire's body off of hers, resulting in her inadvertently fondling Claire's small but perky boobs.

"Y-You don't think I'm trying?!" Claire scrambled to shift off of Candice, only to be knocked off balance and have a limb brush against taboo areas to make her shudder and slip, accidentally sprawled over Candice's stomach and slapped in the arm again and again by the dumb blonde's knockers.

When the dorks finally disentangled themselves, they did so in the most provocative way, sitting dazed with their legs spread right at the audience. Yelping, Candice cupped both hands over her crotch. Claire's pussy, however, was still super sensitive and raw from Luna's massive wedgie! Instead, she bolted to her feet and crossed her legs to hide her crotch as best as possible.

It was then that both girls ran for the doors, sprinting with arms crossed over their crotches out of the crowded gym and out into the hallway, where lines of students either late to the assembly or too disinterested to attend stopped to gawk and guffaw at the buck-nude losers streaking through the hall. Blushing red, Candice and Claire shifted between covering their boobs and their butts as they ran past everyone, not even coming close to slowing down until they made it to the lost and found to find something, anything to wear! But the damage was done. Behind them was a trail of pictures miles and miles long, snapshots taken of the infamous Eager Meadows Ghosts, in all their naked glory!

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Days after the incident, several layers of clothing later, Candice still couldn't walk the halls without getting heckles thrown her way, everyone making remarks about 'seeing a ghost,' or other totally clever remarks, a lot of them complimenting her 'booo-ty.' She took them all in stride, keeping her head down. This too shall pass, she would repeat to herself. Just a few days, it'll be out of everyone's system. Still, it was hard not to blush at every provocation. It was a \*lot\* of people at that assembly - which was again postponed, with many students whispering around talk of curses, wondering who would be the next to end up naked in front of the school - and the amount of people meant plenty of embarrassing / snide comments to muscle through.

The end of the day was no different from the others that week, but when Candice pulled open her locker,

she found something inside that surprised her. Stuff was getting shoved into her locker a lot that week - like paper ghosts, the school newspaper with a (censored, at least) picture on the main page of her and Claire with their bits hanging out - but this was different. It was a little yellow envelope addressed to her. Stowing her books away, Candice took out and opened the envelope to read the message inside:

‘Candice,

Looks like I need to put ‘waterproofing’ at the top of my priorities list, huh?

Okay, seriously though, I should apologize. The beef was between me and Luna, and I shouldn’t have gotten you involved. I know this probably is hard to believe, but a lot of the time my plans backfire. I figured with both of us, we’d be sure to get it done, but I just made things worse. Against my better judgment, I’ve enclosed something to make up for it. I’m pretty sure I got all the kinks worked out... but better you find out than me!

- Claire

(PS don’t tell Hannah about this... \*any\* of this...)

(PPS it still doesn’t work with clothes)’

Folding up the letter, Candice fished around in the envelope, noticing there was indeed a bulge of something else inside. She pulled it out and nearly gasped. It was the invisibility device, kitted out with a new screen. Smiling, Candice looked down the hall to where Claire’s locker was, watching a familiar electric-blue bob disappear into the crowd. Maybe she wasn’t so bad after all. A Hannah with a conscience? Candice could live with that.

A thought struck. Smirking, Candice quickly glanced up at the nearby restroom, drumming her fingernails on the bracelet. A little stirring in her hips said maybe the ghost could come back... but no. Instead, Candice shrugged and pocketed the bracelet, giving it a pat to be sure it was secure. Maybe let the ghost rest for now. Just knowing it could come back was enough for her.

Little did Candice know, though, that her little pat actually set off the device. Now, while the old system could never make clothing invisible, and the new one wasn’t calibrated for it either, glitches happen, or all the ‘kinks’ don’t get worked out. As Candice strut down the hallway, a new energy putting a pep in her step, her sweatpants began to slowly turn invisible, completely unbeknownst to her. Soon, they were completely invisible, revealing to everyone that Candice had gone commando another day. Practically bouncing her way down the hall, Candice hummed a pleasant tune, completely unaware of her classmates turning and watching her big bare booty shake as she marched out of school, feeling like the worst was behind her, and there were plenty of good days ahead.